Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore company deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometimes ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne company. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad, *Enter Hermia.*
Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo weary, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eye gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eie,
And the Country Prouerbe knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Iacke ſhall haue *Iill*, nought ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall haue his Mare againe, and all ſhall be well.
Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.
Tita. Come ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clowne. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſome*?
Peaſ. Ready.
Clowne. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome*. Wher's Mounſieur *Cobweb*? *Cob.* Ready.
Clown.

Clo. Mounſie
pons in your ha
the top of a thi
ny bag. Doe
Mounſieur; an
breake not, I w
hony-bag ſigni
Muſ. Ready
Clo. Giue me
Pray you leaue
Muſt. What
Clo. Noth
Cobweb to ſcrat
me-thinkes I a
am ſuch a tend
ſcratch.
Tita. What, v
loue?
Clowne. I hau
haue the tongs
Tita. Or ſay
Clow. Truely
good dry Oate
tle of hay: go
Tita. I haue
That ſhall ſeek
And fetch thee
Clo. I had ra
But I pray you
poſition of ſlee
Tyta. Sleepe
Fairies be gone
So doth the wo
Gently entwiſt
Enrings the ba